THE UNITARIAN

JULY, 1910

A MAGAZINE OF DEFINITE PROGRESS AND A VIRILE OPTIMISM IN RELIGION

• KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE •

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THE UNITARIAN

SIDNEY, NEW YORK

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THE UNITARIAN.

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A CARD in a recent issue of the *Christian Register* signed by George H. Badger and others says:

> *A crisis has arisen which makes it impossible for the editors of The Unitarian to continue to conduct that magazine in connection with the present publishers. We have made to the latter, therefore, what seemed to us a very fair and reasonable proposition of separation, which they have declined.*

In answer to this paragraph we would ask why Mr. Badger did not state his proposition to the readers of the *Register* that they might judge for themselves as to its fairness. Inasmuch as he did not do so, we ask our readers indulgence while we lay before them a brief history of the UNITARIAN up to the present time.

The facts in the case are these: The Unitarian is owned and published by the Pruett Publishing Company. It was started January 1906 under an agreement between George H. Badger and T. Fortson Pruett as follows: T. Fortson Pruett was to be owner and publisher. He to furnish all material, bear all expenses and assume all financial obligations in connection with same, and to receive all monies from subscription and all other sources of the magazine. It was also agreed that the said Pruett was to control and direct the business policy of the publication. The said Badger was to be the editor with absolute control of the policy of the magazine, and as a guarantee to the publisher against loss in the venture he was to help in securing 1,000 paid up subscriptions during the year. The said Badger in order to realize a long felt desire for a publication of this kind and to help make the same possible, was to do his work without compensation. It was tacitly understood however, that when the magazine was on a paying basis new arrangements were to be made and he was to receive pay for his services commensurate with the success of the magazine. This agreement has lasted until now. The venture has not been a very large success, still we have managed to keep about even so far as the cost of printing the magazine is concerned, and had the present disagreement not arisen we believe the day was not far distant when our hopes of a larger success would have been realized.

Things have gone very smoothly between Mr. Badger and ourselves until about the first of the present year. He then came at us with a proposition to reorganize his editorial staff. He asked that we turn over to him and his associates all right and title to the magazine offering us a nominal sum of $80 a month for printing same. We refused to accede to this proposition and protested against some of the men he proposed as associate editors. In the face of our protest he went ahead with his re-organization plan and we had to submit. We thought this would be the end of our disagreements but not so. About three weeks ago for some imaginary cause he became

dissatisfied again and demanded that we surrender the magazine to him without any compensation whatever, save that he would fill all subscriptions. The proposition was so child-like in its simplicity that we of course declined to consider it. We then made him this proposition:

We consider that the publication is worth $1,200, pay us $600 and we will allow you the other $600 for services rendered. He refused and said unless you accede to our demands we will start another magazine which will have the backing of the conference and all the leading Unitarians, and which will leave no doubt as to the result. This is the proposition he calls *fair* and *reasonable*. Had we been anxious to be rid of the magazine, we might have been constrained to think over the offer, but not wishing to dispose of it, we spurned it with the contempt it deserved.

In order that our readers may understand what we think the injustice of the proposition we wish to say that when we begun the magazine our facilities for printing it were very inadequate. In order to overcome this difficulty we turned our printing business into a stock company under the style Pruett Publishing Company. We then sold about $800 worth of stock. The money received from the sale of this stock we used in making a cash payment on something over $5,000 worth of new machinery we had purchased, giving the company's notes for the balance. As a result we are to-day about $3,500 in debt because of our efforts to get in a position to print a more creditable magazine. We believe any reasonable and fair minded man can at once see that under the circumstances it was the height of presumption and unfairness, to say nothing of dishonesty to ask us to give away the magazine without any compensation whatever. To give it would leave us with a lot of machinery on our hands for which we would have no immediate need, and while as stated before the magazine has not been a money maker, still the income from this source helps us to keep our force together, and in keeping up the payments on our machinery.

In conclusion we wish to say that it is our purpose to continue the magazine, conducting it to the best of our ability, and in the cause for which it has stood since its inception. We have about completed arrangements whereby we think the place of the former editor will be acceptably filled to our readers.

———o———

ANOTHER paragraph in Mr. Badger's card in the *Christian Register* reads as follows:

> *Although under no legal obligation, we shall assume that all readers of The Unitarian will consider the The Unitarian Advance as the editorial continuation of that magazine, and we will fill out all unexpired subscriptions with The Unitarian Advance.*

For downright assumption, presumption, unfairness and underhanded method the above is the limit. The UNITARIAN has not suspended, hence there are no unexpired subscriptions for him to fill. We ask our readers to ignore his advice. Give us a chance. To follow his advice will virtually mean bankruptcy to us. Stand by us until your subscription expires, and we believe you will continue with us. All we ask is fair play, and we believe you will grant it.

———o———

IN our statement relative to the differences between Mr. Badger and ourselves you will notice that we ignore

the other names signed to his card. This is because we have never made any arrangements with these gentlemen in connection with the UNITARIAN. The matter under discussion is one between Mr. Badger and ourselves alone.

THIS issue of the UNITARIAN is gotten out under considerable difficulties. Hence, we ask our reader's indulgence. We expected to receive copy from New York headquarters as usual. But, at the proverbial eleventh hour the editor failed us, and we were put to the necessity of getting up our own matter. Under the circumstances we have done the best we *could*. We will try and do better in the future.

FOR several months past we have been unable to get the UNITARIAN out on time. No one regrets this more than the publishers. And we assure our readers that it could not be avoided. This has been one of the reasons for dissatisfaction on the part of the former editor. The cause of delay has not always been ours. In the future we shall endeavor to do better, at the same time we beg our readers to bear with us as patiently as possible when delays do occur. Contributions from our readers both laymen and ministers will be very thankfully received.

THE open-air preaching campaign conducted by the American Unitarian Association last summer was such a success that it is to be hoped that the experiment will be carried still further this year. An occasional laying aside of the old dignified traditions of the Unitarian body brings us in closer touch with the rank and file and cannot help but result in good.

Church Going

Regular church going is a habit. Everyone will admit that. Possibly this sounds like a platitude but there is so much more meaning in this platitude that the words ordinarily convey. There are some peculiar things about the habit of church going which most people may not have noticed, the reason with far too many perhaps, being that they never have given themselves an opportunity for observation.

When the habit has once been formed, and has become well seated and grounded it is as difficult to break up as many bad habits. The old church goer who never misses a Sunday cannot stay away. He goes to satisfy an appetite. He has a little hunger which cannot be fed in any other way. It is his manner of beginning the week, and if by any chance a service is missed, the week is not rightly started.

Sunday morning church going is an inspiration. It is not only elevating in a general way; a person who has taught himself or herself to get the most out of church-going can really feel the pleasure and benefit. There are thrills of pleasure, a quickening of the heart-beat when the congregation sings. There is a sense of deep sympathy when the Pastor's prayer is said. It is not the excitement which his eloquence ingenders. It is simply quiet approval. The soul itself says, "Oh Lord, I thank thee for thy many bounteous blessings; for this opportunity to worship thee." But the pleasure does not begin here nor end here. There is pleasure in the anticipation. Before starting he is glad to know that he is going to go to church again. This is not religious fanaticism and there is no cause for alarm if the feeling is experienced even the day before. "Tomorrow," says he, "I will go to church. The time will soon be here when I can go again." Some may say it is only a 'high degree of consciousness,' a 'healthy glow of the mind', or perhaps even an unhealthy one. A condition which is easily accounted for scientifically. They are wrong. This gladness is not

the exhileration of health. It may be very like it. It may be akin the feeling resulting from a brisk morning walk, but it is not the same. It is not the fever of any earthly joy. It is some sort of assurance of God's approval, of his presence, for the timebeing, at least, in the heart of he who worships, and it is a feeling which is going to help that person all the rest of the week. Feed him until his next Sunday morning indulgence.

Sunday morning church-going. At no other service can just the same altitudes be reached. The light is never so subdued as then, except, perhaps, on Christmas Day. The music is never so soothing; the atmosphere so holy. The evening service has not the tradition on which the morning service rests, phalanxing it with centuries upon centuries of true conventionality and conservatism, which in the dim light of that long time ago, studed and bejewelled at intervals with Easter Sundays, Whitsundays and Harvest Sundays, is suggestive of little more than the somber stone walls of the church, the cold and shaded graveyard into which the sun barely penetrated, the little stained-glass windows, the damp air and damp hymn-books inside. True, the more material things are forgotten in these associations, no heat in winter, no ponderous organ or no eloquence, but the church-goer then was blessed in the same way, by the same hand as he is now. The cold may not have been so bitter after all and the preaching was just as earnest if not so eloquent.

Fortunate indeed is he who has acquired the habit and culture of Sunday morning church-going He has discovered one of the few youth-preserving, peace giving fountains of this world. Let him hasten to impart the knowledge of his discovery. When asked the causee of his success; his rule for governing the angry passions; the reason for his great assurance; the source of his deep understanding, let him know the cause and the reason and let him impart it in few and simple words, but often.

The Present Past

For *us no past*? Nay, what is present sweetness
But yesterdays dissolving in to-day?
No past? It flowers in every new completeness,
And scarce from eye and ear can hide away.

These berries, mottling blue the rocky hollows,
Still cluster with the blossom trick of June;
The cloud-led shadow loiters there and follows
O'er crags sun-stained by centuries of noon;
Yon aged pine waves young defiant gesture
When hustling winds pant by in wild seamood;
The valley's grace in all its shining vesture,—
Ages have carved it from the solitude;
Low sings the stream in murmurs faint recalling
The chant of floods the solitude once heard;
And this wide quiet on the hill-tops falling
Made hush at eves that listener never stirred.

And as on us it falls, our laughter stilling,
Dim echoes cross it of all old delight!
The joy, along the soul's far reaching thrilling
To glory of the summer day and night,
Has been inwrought by many a summer-hour
Of past selves long forgot,—enrichment slow
Attuning mind and heart with mystic power
To the fresh marvel of this sunset's glow.
I think we see our valley's brightness brighter
For faces that once brightened by our side;
The peace of the eternal mountains deepens
At thought of peace onfaces that have died.

For us no past? Nay, what is present sweetness?
Dear yesterdays dissolving in to-day!
The past—it flowers in every new completenes
Of thought, faith, hope; and so shall be for aye.

—*Rev. William C. Gannett.*

———o———

He who says that the world is on the whole growing worse misleads the people who believe him, and, so far as his influence extends, puts an obstacle in the way of progress.—*Ex.*

The Prayer of Labor

By REV. ROBERT PROUDFIT DOREMUS, Barnstable, Mass.

"For these maintain the fabric of the world; and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer." *Ecclesiasticus.*

THE wisdom of the learned man, the scribe, the wisdom that comes from much study of and meditation upon the law and the wisdom of the ancients, the wisdom that "seeks out the secrets of grave sentences," and is "conversant in dark parables," the wisdom that enables a man to "open his mouth in prayer", and "pour out wise sentences",—this wisdom, says Jesus the Son of Sirach, is beyond the power of the workman to attain. "The wisdom of a learned man", he explains, "cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise. How *can* he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth *his* mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder". So the engraver,—"his heart he giveth to making the picture true, and his sleepless care is to finish his work." And the smith,—"his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh, he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly." And the potter at his wheel,—"he applieth himself to finish the glazing, and he is diligent to make clean the furnace." Each kind of laborer is absorbed in and occupied by his own task and has no time for any wisdom except the wisdom of his trade,—"All these trust to their hands; and everyone is wise in his work". But the Son of Sirach feels constrained to apologize for them, and to point out that though they have no wisdom beyond their task, nor any prayer beyond the earnest desire of each one for the perfection of his work, yet their labor is most necessary. "Without these cannot a city be inhabited." They are humble in position, but their service is at the foundation of society. "They shall not be sought for in public counsel," says Sirach, little anticipating what the centuries would bring to pass, and how much the idea of what is true wisdom would change,—"they shall not be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation. They shall not sit on the judges' seat nor understand the sentences of judgment. They cannot declare justice and judgment, and they shall not be found among the makers of proverbs; but they will maintain the fabric of the world, and in the handiwork of their craft is all their prayer."

What a large and suggestive word Jesus the Son of Sirach spoke there,—how much truer than the truth he put into it, how much wider of application,—in their work is their prayer, work *is* prayer; in all work is prayer that something shall be, that something shall come to pass. The toil of the earnest workmen whom Sirach describes is their prayer for the maintenance of the fabric of the world,—effectual prayer according to the measure of their labors. The ploughman "that holdeth the plough" and "giveth his mind to make furrows,"—his prayer is that the ground be tilled, that the hard soil be loosened and softened and quickened to fertility, that the seed sprout and grow to harvest, that men and women and children be fed, that nourishment give strength to their bodies and soundness to their brains, that the cry of the hungry be silenced, that there be corn in time of famine and war, and that the nation fail not. This is the perhaps unconscious but effectual prayer of the ploughman, of him "whose talk is of bullocks", and who "is diligent to give kine fodder."

"The smith also by the anvil",—his desire takes the shape of the iron that is wrought thereon and receives from his hands. His prayer is the share of the plough that the ploughman guides in the furrow, and he joins his prayer to the prayer of the ploughman that men and

women and children be fed and cheered and strengthened and that the state fail not of strong bodies and well nourished brains. His prayer is the wheels of the cart that the oxen draw, and the wheels of the chariot in which men ride on business and on pleasure and to war. His prayer is the steel of the sword that shall defend his people and compass about with protection the women, the children, and the aged, and the homes where they abide, and bar out the ruthless hordes of barbarian foes. This is the perhaps unconscious but effectual prayer of him who "fighteth with the heat of the furnace", and "in whose ears is ever the noise of the hammer and the anvil."

"The potter sitting at his work,"—his prayer is the earthen pot that stands on the family hearth when the ploughman takes the homeward road, and the smith rests from his toil. His prayer is the cup that is used in the holy feast,—or the cup that brings cold water to the lips of the tired and thirsty and discouraged. His perhaps unconscious but effectual prayer is the prayer of comfort, of cheer, of blessing.

"The artificer that cutteth gravings of signets"—his prayer is the faithful likeness that grows under his skilled, patient fingers. His prayer is the beauty of the ring that adorns the hand of power. His prayer is the exactness of the impress of the royal signet upon letters and documents of state. This is the perhaps unconscious but effectual prayer of him who is "diligent to make great variety", and "giveth his heart to making the picture true."

These and many others whom Jesus the Son of Sirach did not mention maintained the fabric of that ancient world through the will that went into their work, and in the handiwork of their craft was their prayer. According as the plough followed the straight furrow, according as the hammer on the anvil fell at the right moment upon iron rightly tempered according as the potter moulded the pliable clay with faithful fingers, according as the engraver carved with true eye and hand, according as every workman in every kind of work did his task, each with a painstaking thought for the worth of his labor,—so together they prayed the effectual prayer for a well-ordered nation of men and women and children fed and clothed, defended, educated and governed. For there were other prayers of labor than the prayers of manual labor. Those that *were* sought for in public counsel, and *did* sit high in the congregation, those that *did* sit upon the judges' seat and understand sentences of judgment,—though they *did* possess the wisdom of the learned, and though they *did* pray to the Most High, yet their *best* wisdom was the wisdom of their labor, and their most *effectual* prayer was the prayer of their work. In so far as the workmen, whether workmen of hand or brain, labored together with faithful, well-considered service, they prayed the prayer for the maintenance of the fabric of the world; and in so far as they neglected to work, or worked carelessly and selfishly, in so far they prayed the prayer for the broken fabric of the world,—men and women and children ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-protected, ill-educated, ill-governed. In their work was their prayer.

Let us translate this into modern terms—carry these suggestive words into our thought of our modern world, our modern life, our modern fields of labor.

The farmer to-day prays as of old his prayer of the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow, and the keen thought of his brain,—the ancient prayer that men and women and children be fed. But how colossal is his prayer, and how many other hands and heads join his in that effectual prayer for the feeding of the world. The tillers of the soil, the sowers and reapers of grain, labor in the great fields, the mills grind, the wheels whir over miles of track, the steamers ply upon the ocean, praying the effectual prayer of America not alone for the bread of her own people, but for the bread of the nations,—far off Germany and Russia and France.

The grazier feeds his herds on the western prairies and prays the prayer for men, women and children nourished and shod, and how many hands must

join his to make that prayer an effectual prayer. How much of ingenuity and tireless effort must go to the praying of that prayer.

The lumbermen cutting great trees in the forests, and all the thousands of those who shape the timber that he cuts, the quarryman and the hewer of stone, the man in the brickyard and the man at the forge, the carpenter and the mason,—all these and many more pray the prayer that men and women and children be sheltered.

The coal digger in the bowels of the earth and all who help him in bringing the coal to the consumer, pray the prayer that men and women and children be warmed, and help, too, in praying the prayer of the steam engine and the dynamo, the prayer of the whirling wheels of the great manufacturies, the prayer that men be carried to their tasks and to their homes, the prayer for friends united after long separation, the prayer that new scenes be opened to the eyes of men and women, and new opportunities be brought to their doors.

They who bend to their task in the cotton field and they who bring the wool to the weaver, they who toil at the loom and they who shape the fabrics, and all who share in the distribution of the products,—these pray the prayer of men and women and children clothed and adorned.

There are still other prayers of labor. The physician who labors with keen thought and skillful hand prays the prayer for health of men and women and children,—that disease be prevented or cured, that men and women be instructed in the laws of health; that suffering be alleviated; that human being enter the world safely and leave it gently; that humanity be strengthened in body and mind.

There is the great prayer of the teacher praying through his labors the prayer that children be trained and equipped for their life-work, that their brains be quickened and their minds stored with knowledge, their will schooled to obedience to law and to self-mastery, their hearts stirred with high ideals.

There is the prayer of the artist, the prayer of the sculptor and the painter that the eyes of men and women and little children be gladdened and inspired; the prayer of the musician, the composer and the performer, the director and the humblest member of the orchestra, that men and women be soothed and filled with harmony: the prayer of the dramatist and the actor that men and women be relaxed and cheered, or stirred with great emotions and awakened to the great needs, the great responsibilities, the great possibilities, of the living ages the prayer of the poet that beauty charm men and women, that music enter their souls, that noble thoughts exalt them; the prayer of the writer of books and magazines, the prayer of the press, of publisher, and editor and reporter, that men and women be informed and instructed; the prayer of the lecturer, and the orator,—yes, and the prayer of the preacher, that men and women be possessed of some thought, or kindled with some ideal or enlisted in some service.

There is the prayer of men whom we especially call public servants, the representatives of the people, the makers and interpreters and administrators of law. These in their labor pray the prayer for law and order, the prayer of justice between man and man, the prayer that the wrong doer be restrained in his injury of his fellows, the prayer that the commonwealth be a commonwealth, and that the nation stand a blessing unto many.

These are the prayers of labor that men and women pray according as each labors faithfully and well, according as each does his task with a thought for the worth of his effort. Now, as of old, in so far as each man or woman labors faithfully, considerately, unselfishly, he prays the prayer for the maintenance of the fabric of the nation and of the world, the prayer that men, and women and children be fed and clothed, educated and trained, nurtured in body and mind, quickened in heart and life, woven together in the great web of a united and ennobled humanity. In so far as a man

or woman fails to labor, or labors carelessly, selfishly, he prays the prayer that the fabric of the world be torn, rent, destroyed, that men and women and children be ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-nurtured in body and mind, unquickened in thought and life sundered by antagonisms bred of want and ignorance. and evil.

It is true alone of ploughman and potter, smith and engraver, in ancient Judea, but of all men who labor with hand or brain: "These maintain the fabric of the world; and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer." What is a prayer but man's will going out to join itself to the forces of being to bring something to pass for which he longs? And what is a man's best labor but the joining of his will and his mind and his hands with the forces of the Universe to bring to pass that which ought to be? The labor of men and women is not only service to the world that is; it is a prayer for the world that is in the making. Wherever men and women labor, in the home, behind the plough, at the forge, at the wheel, at the loom, at the engine throttle, at the office desk, on the stage, at the bar of the court in whatever capacity, their work is a prayer for the world that shall be, for a nobler or a baser world.

Think of it that way, see that our labor is our use of the God-forces to help or to harm, see that in our every activity we will the kind of world that must be, and our occupations receive a new significance. Men and women for the work that that they do claim some immediate reward, some direct benefit from their labor, some recompense for their toil. They pray *by their labor*: "Give us this day our daily bread," joining their hands to the forces of earth to win sustenance, clothing, shelter, protection, culture, pleasure, for themselves and those dependent upon them. That is a prayer that most men *must* pray, that all men *ought* to pray. But if men and women could feel always that they never pray merely that prayer, but that always in their labor they pray a larger prayer: Thy Kingdom come on earth,—or Thy Kingdom may it not come upon earth;—May men be fed and clothed and educated and ennobled and made happier, or, May the lot of men and women be made harder, their opportunities for the culture of mind and heart be made fewer, their natures degraded, their power of happiness lessened. Labor has not achieved its full result when it has received the price it can command, but beyond that price is the larger result. Labor may command a high price, and yet be no prayer for the good of the social structure, the fabric of the world, the welfare of humanity. It may add nothing of worth to life.

If the producers of the world, the men who develop the natural resources of the earth, the men who plough and sow and reap, and the men who transport and grind the grain and market it; the men who dig for the coal and bore for the oil, the men who engineer the digging and the boring, the men who bring the coal and oil to the consumer; the men and women at the looms and wheels and those who control great enterprises of manufacture,—if all who share in the world's work could look beyond the immediate return of their labor, look at what they give as well as that they receive, if they could pray not merely the recompense they shall receive for themselves, but pray also adequate service to their fellow-men, if they could pray food and light and heat and clothing, books and pictures and music, strength and opportunity and happiness to men and women, if these producers of the world could see their work as a great prayer and make it a great prayer for the good of men, then the industrial and social problems that trouble us would be solved. The fact that faces every man and woman is: In your work is *your* prayer; in *your* work *you* are willing what this world shall be. The question that faces every man and woman is: What kind of a world are you willing? What is the prayer of your labor?

There is a "captain of industry." Let him ask himself what is the prayer of his work. Is its aim his own wealth and

luxury and power? Is its prayer a poorer service to society than he with his gifts and opportunities should render? Is its prayer suffering and injustice to his employees? Is it the spread of the spirit of greed in the world? Or is it the best prayer possible? Is it the prayer that great resources be opened to mankind, the prayer for the sustenace and happiness of his fellow-laborers, the prayer for the increase of the spirit of service and equity in the world? Let him ask himself these questions; for in his work is his prayer.

There is an artisan. What is the prayer of his labor? Is it but the wage that he earns? Is it the prayer of the half-done task, the prayer of poor workmanship, the prayer that men and women be but poorly served, the prayer for the spread of the spirit of sloth and carelessless and dishonesty? Or is it the prayer of earnest, faithful toil, the prayer that the needs of men and women be adequately filled, that the spirit of industry and honesty dominate? Let him ask himself these questions; for in his work is his prayer.

There are the brain-workers of the world, the shapers of human feeling and thought, the artist, the composer, the author, the publisher and editor, and many another. Must they not often ask themselves: What is the worth of my work, not its selling-price, but its *worth*? What is its prayer? How is it affecting the thought and the life of the men and women whom it reaches? How is it shaping the world? The lawyer pleading,—let him ask himself: What is the prayer of my labor? Let him look beyond the success or the failure of the case he has in hand and asks himself: Are the efforts I am making a prayer for or against justice, a prayer for or against the power of righteousness and truth in the social order?

The public servant, whatever his function,—must he not ask himself: What is the prayer of my labor? He must look beyond his party, he must look beyond the pleasure of his friends; he must look beyond his own immediate interests and ask himself: Is the prayer of my labor for the welfare of the men and women whom it is my duty to serve? Is it for the best interests of the community, the commonwealth, the nation? What part does it have in shaping the world? So we might apply this principle to every possible task in life, every occupation and profession. It comes as near to us as our own tasks, as near as our own homes. There is no activity or inactivity which is not an effectual prayer for a better world or a poorer world. You and I must meet the question every day of our life: What is the prayer of my labor? Am I looking beyond the immediate recompense? Am I seeing my labor in the light of its power of service to the men and women among whom I am, in the light of its power to shape lives, and alter destiny, and add to the worth of the world.

"Might one be healed from fevering thought,
And only look each night
On some plain work well wrought—"

We maintain the fabric of the world; and in the handiwork of *our* craft is *our* prayer."

———o———

The Larger Faith of a Heretic

Preaching at The First Unitarian church at Albany, N. Y., June 5, Rev. Wm. S. Morgan, the pastor said in part as follows:

"But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets." Acts, 24:14.

"And so Paul, the great apostle, was a self-confessed heretic. He is being tried for his heresy in a court of law with Felix, the governor, as judge and Tertulluss as counsel for the plaintiff.

"The word heresy is innocent enough. It meant originally to choose, to hold. Thus a philosophical school holding a distinct set of tenets became known as heretics. To be a heretic here meant to exercise one's free choice in the selection of one's opinion. Later a cer-

tain stigma attached itself to the word. A new twist was given to the meaning. A heretic was one who differed from the tenets generally held upon any subject in the realm of thought.

"We also profess to be followers of the apostle and serve God after the manner known as heresy. Let us see what this means, what it involves and how it looks to others. I speak of the heretics of all types, the so-called unbelievers. It is generally thought the heretic believes less than other people. As a matter of fact, he believes more; he has a larger faith, a life more abundant.

The Larger View

"There has come to us a larger view of God. It looks like atheism to deny the anthropomorphic notion of the supreme being. But the denial must be made in the interest of an infinitely larger and nobler idea of the being of God. We do not want the God of the old testament—a man of war of the most vicious type. I speak of the lower form of the notion of God, because the greatest prophets attained the greatest height possible for their age in their notion of God. This God was partial, doing things for his pet people and ignoring all others. Who would care for John Calvin's God? This was a God no better than Calvin that led him to burn a man at the stake because he served a God after the manner of heresy. Who would care for Jonathan Edward's God who would keep an unregenerated infant in hell for all eternity? We need the larger truth. We need a God who works through all the laws discovered by science, whose love is broader than the measures of man's mind, whose divine heart embraces every child of earth.

"So we must believe in the larger notion of God's providence. Providence according to the contracted view was a very private affair. The universe was conducted for the benefit of a small class of individuals. There was a special providence for special occasions. The death of Arius, the Unitarian, is regarded by Canon Mozley as a special providence, because it came at a time when the removal of this heretic was particularly advantageous to the orthodox church. My own point of view is that if there were such a thing as special providence, God certainly would have kept Arius alive as long as possible. How crude, however, is such a theory. It reduces God to the level of a very low partisan. The providence of God is universal. It takes as much note of Arius, the heretic, as it does of Moody, the extremely orthodox believer. In the dictionary of God's universal providence there are no such words as just and unjust, rich and poor, regenerate and unregenerate to be found. All is governed by irrevocable law; all is impartial, all is just. Our petitions to the supreme court of the universe cannot even deflect a beam of light from its course, prayer for rain even when it is backed by a governor's proclamation will not extract one shower from the clouds, and this because our father, the great providential force of the universe is unexceptionally impartial always working through the laws of the universe which he has established for all time. The only meaning which can attach to providence is in the terms of the universal law.

Inspiration.

So with the subject of spiration. Did God help any writer of the bible to put his thoughts upon paper, and I believe he did in some instances where there is an utterance of religious truth, then I must believe he has helped the writers of all times and places. I know it is repugnant to some minds, to say that Shakespeare was as much inspired as any biblical-writer, but they must not contend therefore that their theory is more comprehensive than ours. Inspiration to us like revelation is as broad as the human mind. Uninspired writers are not worth reading. But let us take the magnificent sweep of the greater belief. The novelist, the dramatist, the poet, the writer of literature, the preacher, must all be inspired for their work if it is to amount to anything.

"In every instance which I have canvassed in this sermon there has been a claim of a larger and more universal truth. If this be heresy, this is just what we want, it is just what the world needs. The things of God are as universal as the sunshine and the air. No person or sect has a lien upon them. If we be condemned for tearing down, we are only tearing down the old barn in order to erect larger ones to hold the abundant harvest of the greater truths of God.

World Relations of Liberal Religion

By REV. FRANK ABRAM POWELL, of Helena, Montana

I PROTEST against the mistaken notion that liberty in religion means a sort of worldly license.

All our liberty is liberty for larger light and larger service to our kind.

In general liberty is the first essential to the full and fair growth of religion in the human soul.

If a man would be truly and genuinely religious he must stand out in the free and open sunlight of living truth; where all the gentle airs of heaven may play upon him; and where all the sweet harmonious voices of love and inspiration may whisper to his soul.

Even as rare and odorous flowers cannot grow in dank, unlighted cellars, so religion, the fairest flower of the human soul, cannot grow and flourish in the dark and oppressive dungeon of superstitious ignorance or dogmatic tyranny.

The relations of a genuinely liberal religion are world relations. And those of us who know the blessed fellowship of the larger faith and hope should not be limited in our thought of religion by provincialism or sectarianism; by prejudice, ignorance or narrowness of any sort whatsoever.

The first sign of a true religion is that it recognizes the worth of a soul, as such.

This, of course, is not saying that all souls are equal in degree of development, or in receptiveness, or in spiritual aspiration.

But it is saying, simply, that all souls are alike in their essential nature and destiny; and that the evolution of one soul must proceed along the same lines, and by the same means, and in accordance with the same laws as the evolution of each and every soul in the world.

And when we recognize the great truth that the soul is the one eternal simple with which we have to deal; and that all souls are alike in nature and destiny, then we have arrived at the fundamental principle of universal brotherhood, and the secret of the kinship of all religions.

Thus another sign of true religion is its simplicity. When we recognize the simple truth that a soul is a soul, that religion is religion, and that truth is truth in and of itself, everywhere the same, then we are approaching the changeless simples, the primary elements with which we have to deal in universal religion.

And since all souls are the same except in degree of development, it is but natural that all should exhibit the same signs of life, that all should overflow with the same aspirations, and that all should worship eventually at the same altars, wreathed with incense or with flowers, the world around.

And so, I feel it to be one of the great objects of liberalism to-day to show to the world this essential and basic unity of all true religion,—to show to the thinking world that when we put aside the abuses, the perversions and the external trappings which conceal the essential elements of religion, that these first principles will be found to be the same everywhere and always.

And it is a great and joyous privilege which we have found, my friends,—the privilege of living by these unchanging

first principles of truth, rather than being lost in the labyrinthian ways of ignorance, superstition and fear.

Thus we may say that the first world relations of liberalism is its relation to the unification of religious truth.

Already we perceive that the world relations of liberal begin with the individual.

The individual is the unit in whose nature and experience the principles of a world religion must be wrought out.

Before our religion can be true for the world, it must be true for the individual; and once true for the individual it becomes true for all the world.

Hence we dare not affirm any great item of faith which is not as true primarily of the hottentot as of the greatest philosopher we know.

If divinity manifests itself in the life of the saint or the sage, it must therefore be involved in the nature of the savage.

Liberal religion stands in certain inevitable relations to the old, so-called orthodox types of religious thought.

The work of liberal religion in relation to the old traditional christianity of our time is mainly one of revision, of criticism and of restatement.

This attitude of criticism, of revision, and restatement is not however an attitude of mere negation, or of cold and unfeeling scorn. But it does insist that all the great ideas of religion must be restated in the light of modern knowledge and experience.

The great ideas of religion,—growing as they do out of the deepest questionings of the human spirit, are eternally persistent.

For example, the problem of human nature, the problem suggested by the question "What is man?" and the problem of God, the problem suggested by the question, "What are man's relations to the universe of which he seems to be so small a part?" and the problem of the ultimate outcome of our human struggle, —shall it end victoriously or disastrously? In short the problem of Immortality; all such problems, I say, are eternally persistent.

Liberalism sustains natural and evitable relations to the great racial religions of the world.

Our attitude toward the great historical religions should be one of discriminating receptiveness.

Certain essential and abiding elements of universal religion have been evolved in the life of each of the great races successively, and often simultaneously.

But such elements become available to us only when stripped of racial limitations and given a world-wide currency by a new statement, and a new application to the needs of all men.

Liberal Religion sustains vitally intimate relations to the world of knowledge, the world of historical and scientific research and philosophical generalization

Our relations to the world of knowledge become particularly intimate and vital because we rely upon the progress of knowledge for the vindication of our larger views.

Liberal religion stands in imminent and vitally essential relations to the most urgent and crying needs of suffering humanity.

I think just a casual glance at the world of humanity is sufficient to convince us of the wide-spread sufferings of our kind.

And a little further and more accurate observation will convince us that the miseries of human beings are due in large measure, if not altogether to ignorance, weakness and waywardness.

And if it be true that most of our human miseries are due to ignorance and weakness, then the remedy for all our ills must be light and truth and inspiration.

Oh! how the world needs our great, illuminating message of the divinity of men.

But some one may say, "Yes, the great masses are suffering, therefore let us leave religion, let us stop talking about God, and Freedom and Immortality, and let us go down into the depths and devote ourselves wholly to sociological amelioration". To such an one I would say, "your motive is a good one no doubt, but in your hasty and impotient zeal you

are rejecting the only power which can ever lift man out of his miseries."

We must be first assured that men are worth saving before we will put forth the requisite effort to save them. Man must first be assured of his own intrinsic worth before he will try to save himself.

If men are mere swine to be fed for a day, and then are to die and vanish into meaningless non-entity, what matters it whether we try to save them or not.

I insist therefore that true religion is properly the source and inspiration of all our wise and well-aimed humanitarian effort, because it furnishes the only adequate motives for service to man. And when liberal religion proclaims the universal Fatherhood of God; the universal brotherhood of man; and the potential divinity of each human soul; then, and then only, are we supplied with adequate motives for unselfish human service.

Your charitable and human efforts and institutions are at an end when men come to believe that the lives you ask them to help save are not worth the saving. I say that the moment men come generally to believe that the lives of the poor, the miserable, the outcast are not worth the saving, that moment you paralyze the arm of effort, you put an end to human brotherhood and you demolish as at one blow the shining walls of our New Jerusalem of human hope,—the Church Universal.

And for all these reasons I say that every true and permanent uplift which humanity has ever had has derived its inspiration from the lofty and heaven-piercing heights of religious faith and hope.

Liberal religion stands in the most significant relations to the future. It is prophetically related to the future because it answers the deepest needs of enlightened minds, of aspiring souls.

And that faith and hope which owes its origin to the most earnest yearnings of the spirit of man,—which flows from the perennial fountains of feeling in the human heart, must outlive all other influences, and must survive all outward changes.

We know that empires have come and gone, that great governments have been founded, have flourished for a time and have fallen to decay; but religion, preserving its characteristic spirit and all its essential elements has survived all changes and revolutions.

How great and precious therefore become our privileges as the disciples of free religion!

And shall we not further realize that all our privileges carry within them corresponding responsibilities.

To me the world situation in religion to-day seems big with promise, and the future bright with hope.

———o———

My Creed

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so;

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—*Alice Cary.*

Why I Go to Church

THE current number of the "Woman's Home Companion" contains an article with the above heading, and which to our way of thinking makes wholesome reading. The article in part is as follows:

The people who do not go to church seemalways prepared to make an eloquent defense of their inaction. Frequent debate with a still small voice has doubtless made them watchful. They know all the arguments to be brought against them, and they are primed with a clever answer to each. The result is a certain lack of sincerity and spontaneity in replies to the question, "Why Don't You Go to Church?" But church-goers are different. Most of them, as they frankly confess, have never thought out their reasons for attending church on Sunday. As one of our readers says, it's like eating and drinking." It is, therefore, safe to say that to most of our good Christian readers the question which we asked in a recent issue, "Why Do You Go to Church?" started a wholly new line of thought. The result is delightfully refreshing, as you will see by reading the letters published on this page.

These replies are chosen from several thousand. They are typical of the whole mass. They are a credit to the church-going people everywhere. They deserve careful reading.

The Church and the Flag.

Why do I go to church? Because it seems to me that the church bears the same relation to right living that the flag does to patriotism—*it upholds an ideal.*

Fifteen Young Men.

I sent out fifteen letters to fifteen young men whom I know, by observation or inquiry, to be church attendants. I asked these questions: "Name? Age? Married or single? Occupation? About how many Sundays of the year do you attend church? Why do you go to church? Please confine your answer within one hundred words." Fourteen out of the fifteen replied. Seven express a desire to exert a good influence over others by the rightful observance of the Sabbath. Ten believe that church attendance is a duty, and eleven speak of church attendance as a privilege. Only four speak of the sermon, and one touches a key-note when he says: "I never go away without a blessing. It matters not who the preacher is,whether he be an eloquent or scholarly orator or not. If he be a Christian at heart, he will bring us the blessing that we need."

A Confession.

I am the wife of a farmer living in a thinly-settled section of the country. I go to church services held in a log shack, to hear sincere, if not always brilliant, sermons; to sing; to wear my best clothes, and to see other people.

Each Sunday a New Year's Day.

I go to church for the same reason that a violinist tightens his strings after each performance. The moral strings of life loosen and we fail to ring true unless we constantly test ourselves and make sure we are in accord.

To one who does not go to church the year is a procession of three hundred and sixty-five days with their tasks and burdens, illuminated only by the good resolutions of the day at its beginning. To the church-goer the same year is fifty-two weeks, each ushered in by a little New Year's day with its higher plane of thought and purpose, each week a new white chapter in the book of the year, and each day, if your Sundays have done their work well, begun with a prayer to keep its page spotless.

"Like Cold Cream on Hot Flesh."

I'll tell you in strictest confidence that my reasons for going to church are un-Christlike as can well be imagined.

I have been reared to think that all well-bred people go to some church. It doesn't take very much time out of your Sunday—two hours or so—and you

leave an impression that you are distinctly high-toned and perfectly proper.

No cold cream on hot flesh ever produced such soothing sensation as this churchly application will to your soul.

Now, Mr. Editor, that is the square, honest reason why thousands of people go to church. But if you are hunting for a "true religious uplift," you'll squirm and be afraid to publish this.

The Best We Have.

I believe the church, even though a poor one, is the best representative we have of the best things in the world, and that is why I go to church.

A Southern Woman's Answer.

In reply to your inquiry as to the reason I go to church, I would say that I go because I think it is my duty not only as a Christian, but as a member of the community in which I live to uphold an institution that stands for right living. I go too, because I wish my boys to grow up to be good and useful Christian men, and I know if I do not respect the church enough to go to it, I cannot expect them to do so. Then I go because I think it does me good. I know if I listen to the sermon with a spirit that is not too critical, I can get something out of it to stimulate me to a greater effort.

Though as a musician I cannot always commend congregational singing as heard in most churches, I enjoy the hymns, many of which are set to music of the best and noblest kind, and often contain beautiful words and inspiring thoughts. The social intercourse of the church attracts me, too, in no small degree and I'm sure no one can contradict me when I say that it is good for the soul to meet and mingle with church people.

The Truth in One Sentence.

I go to church because those who are trying to tell us that the church is obsolete and old-fashioned have failed to give us anything better or as good in its stead, and until they can do so, they should not seek to destroy or impair that which is so important a factor in our modern civilization.

One Lawyers Logic.

Perhaps as an attorney-at-law, I should not be exected to go to church at all, but in any event I am enough interested in your inquiry to give you such reasons as I have.

Briefly I go to church, to worship God and because I know that I can live a higher, a broader and a better life as the result. I am in action a busy man and my religion is rational rather than emotional. But I know that "ideals" are the lever which moves the world, that behind every ideal lies a religious inspiration, and that church-going is the practical support of all religion.

Three Sound Reasons.

1. Because of what it stands for. With all of its human imperfections the Christian church stands for the best elements of life and the highest conception of God known to mankind.

2. Because of its offspring. Nearly all the institutions and agencies interested in the uplifting of humanity are the product, directly or indirectly, of the Christian church. And most of the people who give their time, talents and money to the support of these beneficent institutions are members of, or results of, the life and work of the church. I want to have a part in this general uplift.

3. Because of its enemies. If a man is to be judged by his enemies, why not the church? The foes of the home, marriage and righteousness are also foes of the church. All forces which seek mankind's destruction seek the church's vilification.

No Liberal Church in Town.

I am a lumber clerk, rather young, but one who regrets to say, has sowed his wild oats and is glad that, if they had to be sowed, were done with early.

I am located in a town where there are no "liberal" churches, where the clergymen are very poorly informed, yet I attend church and shall continue to do so.

Let none of us refrain from church attendance on account of his own

personal views. No two people can honestly see alike. Let us give in and support the institution—Christianity—that has done so much for us.

———o———

Unitarian Headquarters at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Public Services of worship will be held each Wednesday Evening at 7 o'clock and each Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. A Special Unitarian Conference will be held on Wednesday, July 20, in the afternoon. The speakers will be John Graham Brooks, Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D. and others. All liberals are invited.

The subject of our conference will be "College Trained Men and Women: how the Unitarian Church is helping some of them—Might it help more?"

Mr. Brooks approaches this subject from the point of view of a thorough student of social affairs.

Mr. Foote is the Secretary of the Department of Education of the American Unitarian Association, and is familiar with the college town pulpit and its work.

Dr. Crothers is the minister of our church in the most important educational centre in America.

On Thursday morning, July 21 we shall have a Ministers' Meeting to which all Unitarian ministers are invited, and on the same evening there will be held in Unitarian house a public reception, in honor of Dr. Crothers to which every one is cordially welcome.

The week of our conference will be an especially interesting one because of the Chautauqua program, which is as follows:

July 17-23—Sermon and Devotional Hours by Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan; 11 a. m. lecture series on "Co-operation" by Mr. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge, author of "The Social Unrest" and "As Others See Us." 2:30 p. m. lecture series by Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers of Cambridge, author of "The Gentle Reader," "The Pardoner's Wallet," and "By the Christmas Fire." 5 p. m. reading hours by Miss Mabel C. Bragg of New York City, instructor in story-telling for children in the Summer Schools. Evenings—Concerts on Monday and Friday, recitals Tuesday and Thursday by Miss Katherine Oliver of Kenton, Ohio, Gymnastic Exhibition Wednesday, moving picture program Saturday by the D. W. Robertson Company.

A few of the attractions for other weeks of the season are:

July 3–9—Afternoon lectures by *Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University* and President of American Historical Association. On July 4, "Washington as a Literary Man" followed on the succeeding days by five afternoon lectures on the Oriental Question and one illustrated lecture.

July 10–16—Symposium upon *Health and Efficiency*, occupying morning hours at 11 supplemented by informal Round Tables; address by *Mr. Horace Fletcher, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium; Dr. Wiley, Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture; and others.*

July 24–30—Sermon and Devotional Hours by *Dr. Charles F. Aked of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York City.* 11 a. m. lecture series by *Sir William Ramsey and Lady Ramsey of Edinburgh on Eastern Travel and Archaeology.* 2:30 p. m. lecture series by *Mrs. Philip Snowden of London*, wife of the Member of Parliament from Blackburn, leader in the Woman's Movement in England, and critic and lecturer on English Legislative Movements. 5 p. m. reading hours by Mrs. Emily M. Bishop of New York City and the Chautauqua School of Expression. Evenings—Concerts on Monday and Friday.

Saturday, July 30—Second Annual Concert by the New York Symphony Orchestra under direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, for 25 years conductor of the Orchestra.

August 7–13—Afternoon lecture series on "Ethical Factors in Social Progress" by Mr. Edward Howard Griggs.

August 19–20—Pageant of Chautauqua Lake and dramatic presentation of "The Little Father of the Wilderness" by Francis Wilson.

These are but a few of the attractions of the Chautauqua Program for coming season. Send for complete Program of Lectures, Entertainments and the Summer Schools. Address Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Unitarian Headquarters will be open through July and August in charge of Mr. Brown and wife. The house is maintained by the American Unitarian Association that all

Unitarians visiting Chautauqua may feel that they have a home which they may call their own. Its hospitalities are always available. It exists that acquaintances may be made and strengthened, that sentiments of comradeship and affection may be established between Unitarians from different sections of the country, and it is also a center of influence for our way of thought and life.

A few pleasant rooms are available for rent to persons desiring them. The receipts from this source help maintain the house.

Unitarian Headquarters is most accessible and convenient, opposite the Hall of Philosophy, which is one of the two great auditoriums of Chautauqua.

Mr. Brown will be glad to help those who have never been to Chautauqua, but who desire to come, in any way open to him. His address will be Rev. William Channing Brown, Box174, Chautauqua, N. Y.,

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Missionary Work in a Wheelbarrow

"The Man with the Barrow" is the name the country people living in that part of North Carolina lying between the Neuse and the Cape Fear rivers have given to the Rev. W. S. Key, who for five years has been laboring among them as a sort of missionary.

His work is under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, the Women's National Alliance and the Lend-a-hand Society, and he seems to combine in his humanitarian and helpful methods some of the tenets of all three.

He is an Englishman, and has been in this country nearly 25 years, part of the time in or near Boston. The barrow is the means he uses to carry "the tools of his trade" over miles of the country on his visitation to the people in his "diocese," he calls the great tract of country over which he travels. It is on record that during the past 18 months he covered 4007 miles and never missed an appointment.

In the barrow he carries simple medicines for bodily ills, a few instruments for minor surgical operations—for he has some knowledge of both medicine and surgery—a little organ, which he uses in leading the singing at his services, often held in the open air; his Bible, a few mechanical tools, and of course the articles of clothing necessary to his comfort.

No mention is made of sermons. No doubt he carries them in his head, for his "study" is probably in the swamps and among the hills where he tramps with his barrow and whose loneliness must give him ample chance for reflections, but none for the spinning of fine theological cobwebs.

Mr. Key is living at present at Watha, N. C., in the Dix house, so called, from the donor Mrs. Dix of Groton, who gave it to the alliance with four acres of land, on which Mr. Key carries on a truck farm and a kitchen garden. Here he shows the people not only how to raise vegetables, but how to cook them in an appetizing manner. Many of the people are very ignorant in this respect.

Besides founding religious societies and building churches, Mr. Key establishes schools and libraries. He has as so-workers a number of northern ladies who are doing work along educational lines and social beterment. Ignorance, prejudice, superstition, ill-health and disease abound throughout the fertile region in which he labors.

In addition to keeping up regular services at nine different points, in churches, schoolhouses, brush shelters or in the open forests or swamps, Mr. Key pays regular visits to lumber camps, saw mills and fishing villages, where he gives practical talks to crowds, both white and colored.

Mr. Key repairs their tools and farming machines,sinks wells, puts up pumps, builds or repairs shacks, shanties or houses, superintends road and bridge building and the draining and clearing of land.

Mr. Key did great service to the families who lost everything in the great flood that devastated the eastern part of North Carolina some time ago. He helped them to rebuild their houses, worked with them in repairing the roads, felled trees, dug ditches and interested northern people to send supplies. From the agricultural department in Washington he obtained quantities of seeds which he distributed among the people. He

procured disinfectants and taught the use of them, and thus prevented much sickness, as the country was strewn with the bodies of cattle and the sewage from the numberless houses that were destroyed.

Mr. Key insists that since the civil war millions of deserving people through out the South have been neglected because of their poverty, and have never been given a "square deal."—*Boston Herald.*

Proctor Academy

Rev. H. G. Ives in the *Christian Register* writes as follows:

I find that a good many loyal Unitarians want to know as to how this school, which has been so splendidly supported during the past year, stands to-day.

The magnificent backing of its friends have now given it an endowment amounting in all to $85,000, and property worth $61,000 more, making in all a practical investment of $150,000. One hundred and ten different students have registered during this year, and the separate dormitories for boys and girls, with Slocomb Hall, the beautiful gymnasium-social assembly hall, provide for the first time in the history of the institution adequate facilities for a real school life. The number of out-of-town pupils steadily increases, and their quality has perceptibly risen during the past year. There is no reason why Proctor Academy should not be a satisfactory school for those who do not want expensive surroundings. Instruction in domestic science has been given during this year, and plans are being formed for a course in farming. The management of the institution hope to more and more develop training for the practical needs of life, so that the boys and girls who leave Andover will possess something more than social polish or book knowledge.

At the same time, with the rapid growth in size and usefulness, care has been taken to guarantee the permanence and quality of the work done.

Four distinct needs confront Proctor Academy to-day, and I trust that those who have seen it progress so far upon the way toward becoming the kind of school that Unitarians believe in will be disposed to complete what yet remains to be done.

1. The obligation of $10,000 resting upon Gannett Hall should be removed as soon as possible. This beautiful brick building, named after Ezra Stiles Gannett, who did so much for our denomination, ought to be freed from its present encumbrance.

2. An imperative need exists for a central heating and lighting plant. This will heat the five buildings, lessen the present serious fire risk, dispense with needless janitor service, and at the same time produce electric lighting. R. D. Kimball Company of Boston guarantees to install a suitable plant for $15,000 There is no electricity in the village at present, and we shall be able to sell enough current to largely pay the running expenses of the plant. The church and gymnasium are waiting upon this plant for their heat, and it ought to be installed before next fall.

3. The building of Cary House, Slocomb Hall (the gymnasium assembly hall), Gannett Hall, and the beautiful stone church (which will be dedicated June 2) necessitates considerable grading. One thousand dollars can be spent to advantage in removing the present unsightly heaps and beautifying the campus.

4. The present recitation building was built in 1900 to accomodate forty-five to fifty pupils. Ninety-eight pupils have used it at one time this year. If the school continues to increase at the present rate, the possibility of still more crowding the class-rooms will be exhausted at no remote date.

A prominent Boston man, who has been unusually identified with every kind of good work during a long and extremely varied professional life, told me yesterday that he believes that Proctor Academy is doing as genuine a bit of Christian work as can be found in New England. Those who visit the institution invariably agree with him.

It will be a very great load off the mind of the treasurer, Mr. Clarence E. Carr, if these needs could be attended to before the annual meeting in June.

The highest state of manhood will be found when we consider all men part of one great man.—*John the Unafraid.*

The Layman as a Religious Force

By WILLIAM A. HOFFMAN, of Albany, N. Y

IN the present age of religious thought the layman is occupying a more prominent place. He is no longer in the liberal denominations, at least, considered principally as one who contributes to the financial support of the church organization and by his presence at service supplies the audience for the preacher. He is now being recognized as the strongest moral force in the denomination of which he forms a part. The preacher, while none the less a leader and instructor of his congregation, does not have the privilege of doing the thinking for him which he did in other ages of the world. This is particularly true in the Unitarian denomination, where every layman has studied the deep questions of religion and formed his own conception of his relation to his God and his fellowman. These convictions, as formed, bear the impress of his own individuality and every mental step in his progress to a higher spirituality has been tested in the crucible of his own experience of life and must conform to and be governed by the divine faculty of reason.

In no other way can a layman get a firm foundation for the building of the religious edifice in which he is to dwell among men. The preacher may aid him in directing his mental faculties to those things that he has found helpful to himself in his own religious experience, but more than this he cannot do for man must work out his own salvation.

The formation of religious beliefs into the narrow confines of creeds and dogmas, ready for acceptance at once from a source he is led to believe is authorative, precludes this study of religion that is its greatest value. This finished product requires no thought of the subject for further development and hence forms an absolute bar to the attainment of higher ideals and denies the very existence of the highest law of God—the law of universal progress.

If these tenets of a ready-made faith had their foundation in the mental operation of uncontaminated reason and were colored by the actual experiences of life they might be of some service in the struggle of humanity to a higher spiritual level.

They are, in fact, repudiated by reason, when it is free to be exercised in the fullness of its God-given power and are at variance with all of those experiences that govern man in all the various relations of life.

The individual is asked to cast aside all that life has taught him, all the yearnings of a soul feebly trying to break the fetters of intolerance and compel the lips to lisp the ceremonial words of praise in which the heart cannot join or reason participate.

Such are the theological forms in which religion was clothed in another age by those sequestered from the daily activities of life and impelled more with a desire of creating a powerful ecclesiastical force to control the destinies of men and nations than to help humanity in its ceaseless struggle onward and upward. It is out of sympathy with the hopes, aspirations and ideals of the present age.

The layman occupies a very small place in such a religious system. He is like a soldier in a great army whose first duty is obedience. It is not for him to question the motives and purposes of his superiors or object to the details of campaigns or plan of battle. The duty constituted leaders in this theological system were themselves governed by the fragmentary traditions of a dim and remote past, whose conceptions of religion had its origin in an age of mythology, mysticism and supernaturalism.

Thus, while the divine law of progress has been free to operate in every other phase of man's existence, in religion it met with opposition. Every movement having its object the betterment of humanity had its origin outside the church and met its condemnation, ridicule and

persecution until its almost universal acknowledgement by mankind compelled its reluctant recognition of the clergy. Thus, throughout the world's history, the church has stood in the path of human progress, holding fast to the traditions of a dead past. When it should have been the leader and tribune of the people, it has been a follower when resistance was found to have been in vain.

The great names that are immortal in the religious annals of humanity are those who led the way out of the supernatural forms of theology into the larger truths of religion. In all ages of the world such men have risen, who have kept the light of truth from being extinguished and held it aloft to guide wandering humanity in the march of progress. They have been the pioneers who championed the cause of the race in those great movements of liberty and emancipation from the conservatism of the past, to which our present day civilization is due. If the sciences had made no more progress than has the present orthodox conception of religion, the world would still be looking forward to the dark ages of mediaevalism and the dawn of the rights of man.

Truth is progressive. Religion, to reveal truth, must be progressive. As a government cannot be better than the citizens who constitute it, so a church will not be higher in moral ideals than the laymen who comprise its membership. In the Unitarian and other liberal denominations, the layman is meeting this larger responsibility and is adopting the same standard of Christian ethics to business, politics and all the various relations of life. As religious principles are developed in his own soul by his own reason and conscience, they become a part of his character and life and unconsciously enters into all the problems he is called upon to aid in solving. Religious character is a growth and development from the consciousness of the individual soul when it has comprehended the revelation of the nature of the divine,its purposes, plans and relationship of man to God and man to man. The great world about us is eloquent with the revelation of the divine nature. Man needs nor can have no mediator with his God. The divine in man enables him to commune with his God and receive the revelation that may be his guidance in the spiritual life.

The laymen in the liberal religious bodies are dictating the policy and attitude of the church organization. They are causing the church to take its rightful place as the greatest moral force in the world, with its clergy as teachers and leaders in every movement for human progress. It is the force that must be relied upon in the future to settle the many great unsolved problems that have perplexed and retarded the evolution of humanity for ages. The church has come to the parting of the ways. It is facing the greatest crisis in its existence. It must get in the forefront of the march of progress and lead humanity to the greater heights man is destined to occupy and entitled to enjoy. Injustice, inequality, oppression, intolerance and crime must be swept away and the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God made a living reality. This will be the only creed of the religion of the future. The declaration of independence has been promulgated, the contest for the rights of man is on. Let us, as Unitarians, lead the way to the emancipation of humanity from ignorance and superstition into the larger faith and fellowship of God.

San Diego's New Church

By REV. CLARENCE J. HARRIS, PASTOR

An event of unusual interest took place in this beautiful city, May 3d, when ground was broken for a new church. For fifteen years this society has worshipped in halls, and its expenses have been varied and trying.

The building of this church will be done independent of outside help. We receive no aid from the American Unitarian Association and we pride ourselves on being able to build a substantial church building alone.

The present pastorate began last No-

vember. The church as a unit rallied to his support and new faces came to us. In January we decided a church was an imperitive need. It must be a substantial contribution to the growing city an architecture.

All other churches are building beautiful buildings. The city is growing rapidly, having gained 45,000 in population since the former census of 1900. In five years it is predicted the city will reach at least 125,000. This season it has been my privilege to have in my audience Unitarians from all parts of the United States and Canada.

A building must be erected here that will compare favorably with the best. What have we done? We have settled on a place and will erect a building about 75x100, of Spanish Rennaissance style to include a beautiful court with fountain, palms and flowers all 25x40.

The church will stand on a beautifully located lot, in the heart of the city and walking distance of all our leading hotels. The church will be seen from all sections of the city. The auditorium will be 50x50 and besides this there will be a Sunday School room with stage and five class rooms, kitchen and toilet rooms. Also two parlors, study, club room, which will have a buffet, toilets, etc. When all the rooms are opened an auditorium with seating capacity of 1,000 will be had. The main auditorium seats 350.

Financially: we own our lot—valued at $15,000. We also have about $16,000 on hand. We shall be obliged to raise $5,000 more, of which sum we can easily secure one-half here. We do not want to solicit help from anyone but have decided that memorials will be acceptable. The pews will be memorials and sums from $25 to $75 can be paid and thereby a pew named for an individual, a church or a city.

Windows of modest price can be secured: All furnishings can be memorial: pews, windows, pulpit, chairs, organ, etc.

In view of the fact that this church is not made up of rich people, we feel we are certainly fortunate to have been able to do so much ourselves. Being an independent, self-supporting body we believe we are justified in writing friends to aid by contributing memorials.

Our city is visited by about 50,000 tourists a year; our society is influenced and has a pleasing record: we are actively associated with all our City's interests and are building a church which will be an "every-day" church, ever open when it can be of any help to anyone. May we not hear from those interested in the extension of our Unitarian cause.

Christian Unity.

By REV. CHAS. F. DOLE

If you want to get the great common facts of science, you have to throw out every thing in which scientific men differ, and simply to see where all are agreed, and you call this common ground *essential truth.* Just so, when we take a number of Christian men of all sorts, customs, and creeds, and throw out every thing in which they differ, and keep the things where they are all one, we find the essential creed which we seek. We can easily agree now upon the great and simple elements of our Common Christianity.

We assume together to begin with the belief in God and the hope of immortality. We all believe in the great Power from whom our lives spring, the source of goodness, the abiding truth and love, whom we call by the sacred name of Our Father. We all hope for the eternal life of joy, of growth, of service, and love. Our next common point, then, is the Bible. We all alike go to the Bible, as the highest religious inspiration,—go to it for sympathy and comfort, for lessons of truth and righteousness, for examples of holy living; and we all alike love it as the best book which we know in the world. For the fact is, whatever our varying theories about it, we all get good out of the Bible, get help, and stirring towards God, as we get good out of no other book.

My next point is with regard to Jesus Christ. We agree about Christ more than the widest of us differ. We are one

in taking his life as our model, in loving his words, and seeing in him a revelation of God. We agree,—the widest of us agree,—that if he, or such as he, could come again into the world, we should hail him and love him. We agree in our allegiance to what he said was his work——the lifting all men into a kingdom of righteousness. In short, all differences of opinion about him are metaphysical abstractions, compared to the common fact, that all Christians want to have their lives like the ideal which they have of this Christ.

Our next point of agreement is the Christian life itself. We believe that there is such a thing as a life of love. We use different language to express it; but what of that? If one and another only succeed in helping bad men to be good; proud, conceited men to be humble; selfish men to give up their selfish wills; dishonest men to make restitution; if they only succeed in making men see the need and the goodness of living as Jesus lived!

Another common point is belief in retribution. Some people think they know a deal more of heaven and hell than they know of this earth, and that God has clearly revealed all about the details of these things. No matter for that. The common fact lies open before us. We all agree that a man can never do wrong and not, somewhere or some time, suffer the just and inevitable penalty; and no one who thinks it safe to do wrong has caught the idea of a Christian.

Again, we agree that we all need God's help to be Christians. Some prefer to say we need *special* help, and some think we need help constantly, that it is through the fact of God's help that we live at all. What difference does it make, when we all recognize Him as the giver of every good gift, and the inspirer of every thought, to whom we come as naturally as children?

One further point. It is the idea of forgiveness. The peculiarity of Christian ity has always been that it gave every man a new chance. It came to the man who had wandered and sinned, and it said, "Turn about and do right, and God's love and man's love shall attend you again. Break off the bad life, and God will give you a new." We say this in ten thousand pulpits to-day. People have various theories how this can be; and some of us simply say, that such is the wonderful nature of love, that it was such before Christ, and that he only showed it more plainly. All speak of the fact, and all carry it back to the goodness of God.

Now we find every one of these things in every man whose life makes any just claim to be Christian. But as soon as we go beyond these simple articles, we find hopeless difference in beliefs and in customs. We therefore rightly infer that these things are essential. Does any one still ask, "Are you quite sure these simple elements are enough?" We know that they are enough, just as we know that bread and meat and fruit are enough for our food; that these things are essential, and that pastry, nuts, and wines are at best only luxuries.

Just so we know that a man cannot believe in God in any real sense; however different from our own and under any different name; or hope for immortality, whatever his ground for it; or truly care for the Bible and love it; or look up to Jesus, if only as much as a wonderful teacher; or strive for a Christ-like life; or fear, for whatever reason, to do a wrong thing; or ever, feeling his needs, pray for God's help; or catch the thought of a new life through forgivenes,—I say I say no man can have a gleam of one of these thoughts; and not bring forth some true fruit of the Spirit in love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, faith, and temperance. And the more you consider, the more you will find that all the other articles of our different creeds are only other forms—and some of them possibly dead and confusing forms—to express these simple Chritian principles.

For you see these common things all confessedly help towards Christian character, but the other things on which

we differ cannot one of them be shown to be a kind of help on which character really depends; and, fairly faced, I cannot see how any one can get around this plain fact, or, indeed, why he should want to get around it.

I seem, therefore, to hear a deeper call to our conflicting Christian sects and parties, than any human battle-cry. Already it sounds in our ears in the moments when we try to listen to God; and, when this call comes, all other sounds of discord and variance are hushed into silence. It seems to say to us something like this: You believe in a God of law and love; *live*, then, as though you believed. You hold the mighty hope of eternal life: take the joy of that hope and live in its light. You believe in the life of Jesus, and you want a life for yourself: *strive*, then, to enter the kingdom of goodness, whose glory he saw. You believe that every sin hurts your own soul and harms your fellows: oh! then, turn from all that is evil, and take God's present help to live this new life!

These words come home to our consciences. They mean reality. They mean earnestness. They mean charity; and, thank God they mean harmony and growing love for each other.

Why the World is Growing Better

By WILLIAM H. RUDY, Editor of St. Louis "Mirror"

WHY is the world growing better? Because it just naturally can't help itself. Some people may deny that the world is growing better. Let them look around and be confuted.

But, some say, what about all those exposures, all the muck-raking, all the scandals in government and business?

That's exactly the point. Because the world is growing better the world insists that politics and business, big and little, shall come into accord with the general idea of betterment.

No sane person with any knowledge of what the world has been will deny that there has been improvement. Take the one matter of the disappearance of cruelty—the growth of pity; the development of the sense of justice—they are one and the same. There is a universal moral sentiment that condemns war, that increasingly protects the women and children from the effects of the "struggle for existence," that protests against even the mistreatment of dumb animals, that insists that while there is a "struggle for existence," that struggle shall be mitigated by what is known as "the square deal."

The world sympathizes with the Boer, with the native of the Congo, with the Filipino coerced by stronger powers. Mankind generally sided with Japan against Russia for no other reason than that Russia appeared to be the stronger nation."

The "survival of the fittest" doesn't mean what it used to mean. No more do we leave the weak to their fate at the hands of the powerful, the simple at the mercy of the cunning. In every civilized country the rules of the game are being changed so as to equalize the chances of those who enter the game at a disadvantage. The fit are the useful. There are myriad kinds of usefulness. There are myriads fit and useful. Not alone does mere force tell overwhelmingly. We have passed beyond physical evolution. We recognize that we have reached a stage whereat moral evolution comes in, a stage at which, natural selection halts and development of man proceeds by conscious choice and the operation of the will in adjustment to environment.

Nietzsche calls out, in vain: "Be hard." Stirner is unheard, with his plea that the Ego shall strive only to be unique and autocentric. The world's

heart does not harden; it softens. Each is the care of all. Society steps into the midst of the struggle for existence, and, through the force of public opinion, compels justice. Public opinion is on the side of "the little peoples." Legislation,embodying changed ideas,insists on depriving big business of the means to crush out small business. The rebate is smashed and cast aside as an engine for the aggrandizement of the unscrupulous.

In every big city of the world, behold the war upon the slum. In every country of the world there is a war on privilege, since every privilege is an appropriation of the rights of some person or some community. Great Britain is taking the land from under the peerage, to distribute it among all the people. Society everywhere is striving to extirpate poverty, and the disease and crime which proceed from poverty. The crusade to save the children of the poor from the maiming and distorting influence of the city streets is universal. Even the criminal come in for consideration. He is more and more recognized as a product of conditions, for which society itself is responsible. On every hand we find effort for the enlargement of life for everybody.

The world is changing its idea of progress. No longer is the accumulation of wealth by a few who control the sources of wealth regarded as evidence of a nation's greatness. Progress is nothing unless the advance is made by all. The old individualism is passing away. A new individualism takes its place. We recognize my duty and your duty and our duty, your property, my property, our property. Each of us has his duties to society, but society has a duty to us. That duty is to equalize conditions so that unrestrained individualism shall not oppress the weaker man. Society is confiscating the loaded dice with which privilege makes its greatest winnings. No man, however strong, can afford to ignore society's opinion upon the subject of that man's own business. He cannot stand up against that opinion. He must "play fair" or he is beyond the pale. And as we make the strong man "toe the mark" morally, on the other hand no person, in the time to be, however weak or sinful, will be allowed to drift beyond our love and care. Society whittles down the big man and lifts up the little one.

Are we more moral in other ways? I think so. What about divorce? The answer is: What are all the divorces compared with all the millions of the undivorced? Divore is a result of freedom of thought. It comes of the development of woman as an individual. She asserts her individuality, her right to a life not wholly subservient to another's will or whim. She will not be a chattel. She has a right to love and joy. She will have them. Her mind has been freed. Her body will follow. And in freedom, after the first excesses in its discovery have passed away, women will unite with men on more equal terms, upon a basis of better companionship than in the past. Woman, too, is coming into her square deal, and when she does, man will be all the better for it. It cannot be successfully disputed that much of the betterment that we note in civilization is due to the spread of the influence of women. Civilization is largely a matter only of the broadening influence of sympathy, in which women are far in advance of men. The feminization of the world is no bad thing, the late Otto Weininger, with his denial of character to women, to the contrary notwithstanding. It is the thing that makes society look after the interests of the under dog.

We are civilizing commercialism and commercialism civilizes us. You can't hate the man you trade with, because he doesn't believe as you do, or speak your language, or wear the same tint of skin. Commercialism builds up oppressive monopoly, but monopoly tends to destroy itself. The very increase of great fortunes has a tendency to bring about the flow of wealth to a common

level and establish a social equilibrium. Society realizes that it creates most of the wealth, there it has a right to take that wealth. The community builds up fortunes, but eventually, by legislation, pulls them down. It isn't quite ready to take property, but is everywhere setting about the task of preventing, the aggrandizement of wealth, the cornering of opportunity by the few. Conservation of all resources is coming on. Commercialism is not only big business. The smaller commercialist clamors for his rights. He will have them under laws that equalize the conditions on which he must do business. The tendency everywhere is toward democratization. The many will tear down the towers of wealth builded by the few. How? By destroying the privileges by which the few amass more wealth than they are entitled to by virtue of their efforts. Society will not take from any man what rightly belongs to everybody. This is the ultimate meaning of democracy. For political freedom is nothing without economic freedom.

But I'm telling you how the world is growing better. Now as to the why.

The spirit of man is divine. As mind develops spirit is freed. Man talks in more of man, of the universe. He is more than himself. The more he sees into things, the more he sees that he cannot exist for himself alone. The more he knows, the more he loves. The more he understands, the more he pardons those who do not understand. Of old the enemy was the man one did not see. Now each man can see the other. At best we are all children of God. At worst we are all condemnees. In either case—and these are the extremes of idealism and materialism—there is nothing better to do than to pull together for as much of happiness here and now as may be attained. This earth and all in it can only be for all. If any are deprived of their share they are defrauded. If any suffer it spoils our joy. If some of us are selfish, as a sort of inheritance from a less illuminated ancestry, the common sense of all of us tends to put checks and curbs upon that selfishness. So our religion has come to be a matter of conduct, rather than belief.

Of course, as Mr. Chesterton tremendously maintains, what a man believes is of the first importance as formative of conduct; but the world grows better chiefly because man believes in man, and man at his highest, man as idealized, is surely the image of God.

Sureties of Life After Death

By REV. E. P. PRESSEY

"If a man die, shall he live again?" The question is not a modern one. But in a peculiar sense it was a nineteenth-century one. Then first common sense and scientific color were given it by the Agnostic school, represented by Robert G. Ingersoll for the uneducated and Thomas Huxley for the educated minds. Yet even these never answered the question in the negative. Their word was, "I do not know."

Their doubts are valuable, but they are not convincing. Now there is a good argument for the non-existence of matter but I am far from being convinced that matter does not exist. If it is not matter then it is something else, that might as well be called matter. If what I call living beings do not continue to exist in full life, with all their qualities, then something else happens to them, of which I have not the slightest notion. I cannot imagine by what process a living being could manage to get out of existence. I prefer while I am in this world to take it for no liar, as I am no liar, and to believe that things are what they seem,—that matter is matter, life is life, and that they stand for everlasting and different realities.

I do not stickle at the mere disappearance of a human body into dust and vapor, any more than I would at the cutting of an electric wire as a sign that the electricity coursing over it has suffered the least change except in direction. My body is to me as my

house or my tool chest, a mere material convenience for me, and is not my very self, as I very well know when I see my friends with limbs sawed off becoming more resourceful often in mind and heart

I think I make it evident in this way that the burden of proof is upon the Agnostic to show how life—that is, personality—is dissolved and dies. His most radical answer, however, to this has been that he does not know anything about it. How could any reasonable Christian ever have resented such an answer as that? If the Christian were partial to immortality, was it not just the answer he wanted? It greatly strengthens the supposition of life's continuing. It shows how very hard it is to suppose otherwise.

Furthermore, there are at least four great sureties of life after death. There is, observe, not a scrap of argument in court against it. Doubt is merely neutral, waiting to incline either way with the least breath of reasonable evidence.

1. *The Scientific Surety.* Among the common facts of science none are more absolutely demonstrated than these: matter is indestructible; not an atom, or, indeed, a quality of an atom of matter, is even changeable; force is continuous. In other words, destructibility, annihilation and like terms, science has absolutely no use for. They are the coinage of an older day of myth. Shall, then, love, the highest conceivable quality in the universe, suffer loss or change? Science says there is one law, one element, in lowest and highest. And can we conceive of love without lover and loved? I have just said that all these negations are inconceivable to science.

2. *Surety of the Cloud of Witnesses.* In the early ages of the world, men did not seek two answers to a question. They were satisfied with one. And they always took the first. Picture to yourself an earth without electric wires or sea-going ships or any means of rapid transit, and little communication with people three hundred miles from home. In Egypt the human soul asked of the Over-soul, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And the first and only answer was: "He shall live again. 'There is no death. What seems so is transition.' " So they frescoed and richly furnished the tombs and made eternal mummies of the dead. On the shores of Greenland, too, the soul asked the question of the spirit in which it began to have its being. And the only answer that ever came was: "He shall live again. He shall go down to eternity along the shining way of the glacier with thunder sublimity and the splendor of northern lights." In the forests of the Amazon and the Orinoco again came the one unquestioned answer: "He shall live again. He shall return to his fathers down the grape-vine forest-path of the world." It was the whisper of the world life in the ear of simplest men universally, "If a man die, he shall live again."

3. *The Surety of Evolution.* Now modern man has asked the question passionately, and answered it anew, with matured logic, in the affirmative. One of the mightiest sureties is that of evolution. It is summed up in the saying, "God has had me in mind forever." All things from the earliest ages, countless millions of years ago, were leading up to me. What, through geological evolution and astronomy, I know of the history of the universe, expels absolutely every frivolous shred in my thought of God. The brain that knows and expects with the heart that loves, costs the pain and energy of the ages and cycles of all that I know of eternity. I can see much more than has become manifest in the plan of my life. I am not a finished being. The consciousness of eternal ages of progress is in me, through and through. He will not sport with me for His present show-play, and leave me now. I would not be so fickle with any child. And

"I know that is not good in Him
That evil is in me."

While, if the Life of Ages is not good, then is life a vast delirium, and the instincts of law and order amongst men unaccountable.

4. *The Great Verification.* But the crowning argument is the testimony of the greatest human discoverer. He who discovered the Law of laws, salvation by helping others to the extent of all your being, was also said to have brought immortality to light. He reached the fullest human consciousness, the most sensitive touch and correspondence with the life of the world, the great Over-soul and things unseen. His eyes were widest open, his vision most delicate and extensive. He saw life and beyond as from a hill. And he said: " 'If it were not so, I would have told you.' I see beyond the hill of death, valley upon valley in the shadows of death; and I fear no evil, for the Father abides in all of them. And on the sunny sides and in the shadows are many mansions. *Here* I abide in my Father's house from the beginning. I am its door. And *there*, also, I go ever before you to prepare a place for you. 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' "

Director's Meeting

The June meeting of the Board of Directors was held June 6. Present: Messrs. Lawrance, Humphreys, Jaynes, French, Burt, J. H. Edwards, James, Woodbury, Casson, O. E. Edwards, Jr., Mrs. Guild, Miss Bullard,and Miss Parker. The reports of the clerk and Treasurer were received, the latter showing a balance on hand May 31 of $843.18.

Mr. Lwrance resigned as a director, and Rev. C. W. Casson was elected to fill the vacancy.

It was voted that the president be *ex officio* a member of all committees, and such committees were appointed as follows: *On Policy*, Messrs. Jaynes, Forbes, Wicks, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. Guild; *On Publicity*, Messrs. Casson, Shippen, O. E. Edwards, Jr., Miss Parker, Miss Bullard; *Finance*, Messrs. J. H. Edwards, Humphreys, Burt, James, Woodbury; *On the Sunday-School paper*, Mr. French; *Middle States and Canada*, Mr. Boynton; *Southern States*, Mr. Gray; *Pacific States*, Mr. Murdock.

Among the votes passed were: to make the Book Room more distinctly a center for Sunday-school merchandise of all kinds, doing away with the sale of general book merchandise; to readjust the duties of the office helpers; to authorize the president to travel as field secretary as largely as possible; to make the Sunday-school paper a weekly instead of biweekly, at a uniform price to all subscribers of fifty cents, further details of its management being referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. French and Casson; to furnish the Tuckerman School with a full line of our publications; to establish a uniform price on all our publications, with a discount for cash; to electrotype and print three hundred copes of Mrs. Lane's "List of Books for Sunday-school Libraries" for free distribution; to appoint a committee of co-operation with allied organizations of the Unitarian body, that committee being composed of the president, Mr. J. H. Edwards, and Miss Parker.

The president read a letter from Rev. Edward A. Horton, expressing his appreciation of the action of the board at its last meeting, and also of the resolution passed at the annual meeting. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the president. Louisa P. Parker, Clerk.— *Christian Register.*

Harvard Summer School of Theology

The Harvard Summer School of Theology will hold its Twelfth Annual Session July 6-21, 1910.

President Faunce of Brown, President Fitch of Andover, Dr. Gordon of Boston, Dr. Crothers of Cambridge, and Bishop Williams of Michigan will be included among the speakers.

—*Christian Register.*

I fear that we have forgotten how many of us are immigrants, and I venture to suggest that the danger to our dear country is not so much in opening our gates to the oppressed of the world as it is in giving some of them so readily a voice in the government of the people The franchise, more than immigration laws, needs the attention of unselfish men.— *John the Unafraid.*

HOME DEPARTMENT

Taking the Census

MOSES Grant sat in his vine-grown arbor one fine afternoon in August. A fine afternoon, I call it—a little sultry, to be sure, which made Moses Grant's eyes heavy; but the hum of the bees that played around the white clover-blossoms, and the sound of the leaves as they rustled in the warm wind, and the richly colored clouds that floated around in the deep, deep blue of the summer sky, and a thousand other things which I will not pause to note, but which every observing reader has noted on many an August day, made the afternoon I speak of as glorious as any afternoon could be in all our glorious summer.

Moses Grant's eyes were heavy—or eye-lids, if the reader should be a critic. He had brought a book from his daughter's book-case. He remembered the volume—it was called *A Book of a Thousand Stories*—as the one his daughter Mary read aloud one evening, when the witty turns of speech put all the company into the best of humor. But, somehow, the wit had now lost its point—the joke had lost its zest—and let him try as he would to collect his scattered thoughts, and let him set his eyes on his book never so firmly, his fancy would go on long journeys into the past, and come back again, wearied more and more with each journey, till at last it had sunk to rest, and Moses Grant's eyes were closed. The bees buzzed on, the leaves quivered as before, and the great world moved in its wonted way, yet our hero did not heed it; the world moved on just the same, O reader! as it will one day move—one long, long day—when you and I will not heed it.

Suddenly Moses Grant heard his name spoken. When aroused, he saw his neighbor Johnson, seated in the rustic chair that mated the one in which he himself sat.

'Good-day, neighbor Johnson,' said Moses Grant. 'What in the world are you doing with that great book?'

'I am taking the census.' And he began turning the leaves as if searching for a lost place, remarking, laconically: 'Sultry.'

'Yes, a very close afternoon. But is it ten years since the census was taken? It seems but as many months. Oh! well, time flies!'

And he looked at the beautiful sky and at the beautiful landscape, and lingeringly at his own stately mansion, guarded by venerable trees that his own hand had transplanted from the forest—and the great truth, half-realized, yet almost as common as our daily life, that time was sweeping all things into the dead past, day by day and year by year, gave him a passing thought of how much he loved them.

The name of Moses Grant was duly inscribed in the book. Then the question was asked by neighbor Johnson:

'When were you born?'

'In the year 1800—sixty years ago the day before yesterday—though I declare I forgot all about my birthday.'

'Well, how much real estate shall I set down to you?'

'I *have* said that I owned about fifty thousand dollars in that kind of property, perhaps a little more, but not half as much as some persons estimate.'

'Well, how much personal property?'

'I guess about twenty thousand will not go far out of the way, reckoning mortgages and all.'

After a few minutes, which neighbor Johnson occupied by telling how Sime Jones tried to get the appointment of census-taker by wriggling about in an undignified way, and in talking about the prospects of his political party, the visitor left the old man, (such we have a right to call him since he has confessed

his age,) and the old man (he would not thank us for using the term so often, for he tries to think he is still young—the old man, I must again repeat) fell a-thinking. His eyes were no longer closed, although his book *was;* he leaned forward in his rustic chair, and commenced to talk aloud—which is said to be a growing habit with most old men:

'Sixty years of human life!' The words were uttered slowly, as though their *full* meaning were felt in the speaker's heart. After a little while they were repeated: 'Sixty years of human life.' There was a mournfulness in his voice now; it had sunk to the low, tender tones that, years before, when his faithful wife vanished from earth, revealed to all his friends that there was sadness in his heart, while there seemed cheerfulness in his words. 'Welladay!' he continued; 'I have, at any rate, been a *successful* man. My business has prospered beyond my expectations, and I am what people call a rich man. There was a time when I feared I should come to want; but now, if I could but think so, I have enough. And mine has been an industrious life. When I was elected to the State Senate wasn't my name held up in the newspapers as an example for young men? Wasn't my reputation admitted to be spotless? Yes, I *have* been a successful man— more successful than nearly all who started with me.'

And he began to look more cheerful and contented. He again looked at his mansion and broad fields, and again he opened his book. The jokes were better now than a little while before.

But the bees buzzed on; the trees sang their old soothing song; the air remained warm; and soon Moses Grant began to nod assent to his book, though the matters it contained were not of opinion, but of fancy. By which I mean that he grew sleepy.

. . . . . .

Sudden darkness fell upon the earth. The sun, after sending its rays to glitter in the river so brightly that Moses Grant put his hand over his eyes as he looked from his arbor-door, went out, and the blackness of night wrapped itself about the world. The elms, that had rattled their deep green leaves in the wind, and the birch, that had so gracefully bowed its slender, yellowish head, were all colorless now. There was no storm-cloud to veil the heavens, and yet the sad-faced moon came not out to remind the world of their lost loves and deferred hopes—nor the stars, to twinkle in their silence, as though there were a great Soul in the skies that longed to speak to men, but had no utterance save a thousand lovelit eyes. All was darkness—dense, universal.

Yet Moses Grant had sat unmoved in his vine-grown arbor. His soul was passionless, his face was calm. His book had fallen to the ground, and his head rested on the back of his chair.

Suddenly there came a visitor to the arbor. Moses raised his head and saw a being—whether man or woman I cannot tell—with a face, oh! so bright and calm, with eyes that looked from the deepest soul, and a pure forehead that spoke of unworldly rest—a face that shone in its own vista of light when all around was dark. The Presence bore an open book in its hands, and came and stood before Moses Grant and looked earnestly into his face.

'Who are you?' he cried, half in fear, before the calm look of his visitor, and half in confidence, because of the look of love.

'I am the census-taker.'

'No, no; it was he who came a little while ago.'

He was one census-taker—he came to learn how much you *seemed* to possess; I come to learn your *real* possessions; I am the real census-taker.'

Moses Grant knew not what it meant; he sat speechless, in wonder. He would have fled, but he knew not where he could flee in the darkness; he must remain with his strange visitor, as all men must one day stand alone with an awakened Conscience.

'When were you born?' asked the Presence.

'Sixty years ago,' answered Moses.

'You understand me not. I do not ask the time when you were born into your outward show of life, but when you commenced to live.'

'Still I do not know your meaning,' said Moses.

'Then you have not yet been born. You exist—you do not live. Say not again that you have lived sixty years, for your being has not yet expanded into life.'

Oh! what great thoughts and dark memories came into the mind of Moses Grant! Great thoughts of a nobler life of love than he had ever known—of realities to which he was fast approaching—and a thousand dark memories that he had often tried to obliterate from his mind. A little while before, he thought he possessed a spotless reputation—and so he did possess a spotless reputation when judged by human law. No man ever knew him to steal; no man ever knew him to transgress any important law. Nevertheless, he had had his own ends to gain, and he had gained them. Yes—we might as well confess it—Moses Grant had lived a selfish life. He knew how to take advantage of the technicalities of law, and he knew how to be severe and unmerciful toward the poor. He remembered how, years before, his son had longed for an education, and how the mother had pleaded that he might go to school and to college, and how sternly he said 'No, I want him in my business;' and he remembered how he kept him slaving at his uncongenial tasks, and he scolded because he still pored over his books, until at last the mother had laid the poor boy in the grave before he had attained to manhood. He remembered how the mother grew paler day by day—she who had been such a help-meet in all his selfish schemes of hoarding and saving; how she had talked more and more about her 'dear lost boy,' till he, Moses Grant, commanded her never to utter that name again in his presence; how the mother still faded and faded, till at last she too, was laid in a quiet grave beside her boy. All this came into the mind of Moses Grant. And then he remembered how he had taken a poor widow's cottage, because his mortgage deed gave him the the privilege—he never thought the *right*—to take it; he remembered her sad face, that told of silent suffering, when she moved with her children from the cottage her husband had built. How, ' he asked, in the silence of his own mind, 'oh! how could they say my reputation was unspotted. ?' Yet he had transgressed no outward law, had forged no mortgage-deed. He only acted like a man who thought that this world could only be enjoyed when he possessed a title-deed to it all; like one who thought that above and beyond this world there was nothing.

All this time has the Presence stood before Moses Grant, looking into his troubled face with its piercing eyes, and reading his every thought.

'Answer me now,' it said, 'have you yet begun to live?'

Then there was another and greater struggle in the mind of Moses. Pride said to him: 'Send this intrusive visitor away, or flee yourself.' But still the visitor stood there, waiting so calmly, and again Moses realized that the great world had faded from his vision; so he could neither send away the intruder, nor fly himself. Still those calm eyes looked into his inmost soul.

'Oh!' he cried at last, 'you have searched me through and through. No, I have lived—I have not been born. I have no life for you to record in your book. Now, pray leave me—leave me in peace!'

'That were impossible,' said the Presence, 'you know not peace. You pride yourself on your possessions; but how can you have life or possessions, if they are not recorded in my book? The earth, that you love so well, has faded away. It will return to you for a brief moment, and then it will fade forever. What you now possess is but a shadow. like a sun-gilt cloud in a summer sky—changing and changing, and fading and fading, till at last it disappears. You have, if God wills, a few more years of mortal existence, and then, oh! then, you must exchange shadows for realities.'

'Leave me, oh! leave me!' cried Moses.

'Not yet; my mission is not fulfilled. Here in this book your name was written sixty years age, as one *to be* born. Here your ledger has been kept, though you knew it not. Read the pages with your soul, and see how your account stands.'

Oh! how dark the page. A line was drawn through the middle, from top to bottom, and the good deeds were recorded on one side, in letters of gold, and the bad deeds on the other side in letters of ink. As the pages were turned, Moses looked eargerly for the bright letters, but they were few—too few; while every page was almost filled with the black records of selfish and sinful deeds. Every page made Moses Grant sicker at heart, and he would gladly have withdrawn his eyes from the book, but they were riveted, and he could not.

'O poor man!' exclaimed the Presence, in pity; 'how poor do you find yourself, you were

a little while ago so rich! But you must read more, lest you sink in despair.'

And the book was closed. Moses Grant said not a word; his heart was too full to speak —too full of grief—too empty of hope.

'Despair not,' continued the strange Presence. 'Your record is not yet completed. You may yet cancel all those black letters by writing golden ones over them—which is to pray with your remaining strength and days for forgiveness. You have been a hard, selfish man, for sixty years. Men, for their own interests, have called you respectable; but before God you have merited displeasure and disapprobation. In the little time you have left, perhaps you may be able to leave the world as pure as you began it; but you may hope for wonderful mercy and forbearance from God our Father. Have courage, and faith, and hope, and you will yet be rich indeed—rich in love and joy and peace undefiled, that fadeth not away.'

Then the Presence vanished. Still Moses sat in his chair. But a hand was laid on his forehead, and he awoke as he heard Mary say: 'Father, supper is ready.' He drew his hand across his eyes, and arose from his chair. He looked from his arbor-door. The world was all bathed in the light of the declining sun. As he came out and looked on the landscape, he thought that never before had he seen it so dreamy—never before had he seen it so beautiful and so glorious, for never before had he so felt the use of this world as a place in which to attain to the good and to shun the evil, to overcome temptation and to aspire to life.

His daughter wondered what caused his tone to be so tender that night; the next day his neighbors wondered that he visited a certain poor, struggling widow, and gave her the house her husband once owned; and in the months that have since passed, many a poor family has wondered what has turned their former oppressor into such a provident friend.

I only wonder that so old and selfish a man could have had so bright and heavenly a dream.

———o———

A boy reading the verse, "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones," startled the crowd by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thorns."

Notes from the Field

All Souls' Church
Winnipeg, Man.
Rev. W. A. Vrooman.
Minister

All Souls' Church continues to make slow but material progress. If liberal Christians were less inclined to shelter their principles within the strong wall of the popular and powerful denominations and would become identified openly with the Unitarian movement, whose thought they reflect, we should have a very strong church. Until we secure our own building we cannot hope to exercise the influence we should. The first step toward this has been taken. We have purchased a site in the centre of a great residential district and convenient to the most important car lines. The people have contributed according to their means, and with the aid of the American Unitarian Association and of the contributions sent to us in reply to a circular letter, we have been able to make the first payment of some $2,000. The property was secured for $4,600. The balance must be paid by January 1. If we can secure further outside contributions of $1,000, we shall be able, we trust, to have the land clear within a few months, and can proceed to build in the spring. The Trustee Board wishes to thank the kind friends whose donations have enabled us to take this important step forward. The influence of it will be very great.—*Christian Register.*

First Parish
Northfield, Mass.
Rev. A. E. Wilson
Minister

Mr. Wilson assumed charge May 1, 1910. The following week a reception was tendered to Rev. and Mrs. Wilson, the vestry being transformed into a bower of apple blossoms, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Field receiving with the pastor and his wife. The Ladies' Sewing Society furnished refreshments. An installation service was held June 15 at 8 P. M., and was noteworthy in that four of the New England States were represented and three of the ministers present were named Wilson. The sermon was preached by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson of Boston, Rev. Daniel M. Wilson of Kennebunk, Me., giving the address to the people. Others assisting were Rev. M. S. Buckingham of Bernardston, invocation and Scriptures; Rev. E. Q. S. Osgood of Brattleboro, Vt., prayer; Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Hartford, Conn., charge to

the pastor; Rev. S. R. Maxwell of Greenfield, right hand of fellowship; and Rev. W. W. Coe of Northfield, editor of the Northfield *Press*, welcome to the town. Supper was served to the visiting ministers and delegates by the branch Alliance.

First Parish
West Roxbury, Mass.
Rev. Ernest S. Meredith
Minister

A service in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Parker was held at the church over which Theodore Parker ministered for many years. Despite the rain, the church was filled. The pulpit platform was decorated with flowers and greenery, and a bust of Parker was on a stand on the pulpit. Rev. Ernest S. Meredith, minister of the church, had charge of the services. Rev. John H. Applebee of Attleboro, a former minister, offered the invocation; Rev. George M. Bodge read from the Scriptures; Rev. Charles F. Dole offered prayer; and there were addresses by Frank Sanborn of Concord, Rev Henry G. Spaulding of Brookline, and Rabbi Charles Fleischer. Frank Sanborn's topic was "Parker the Political Philosopher." Mr. Sanborn paid a fine tribute to the friend of freedom and religion. Unitarianism has triumphed where Parker was once denied a hearing. He declared that the policical service of Parker was greater than his religious service. Rev. Henry G. Spaulding told personal reminiscences of Theodore Parker. In 1854, when Mr. Spaulding was in college. Parker came to him and asked him if he needed help to meet his expenses, saying that he had good friends in Boston who would help him. "In 1857," he said "I asked Theodore Parker for that aid he had offered me three years before, and it was given me. That was but one illustration of Parker's acts of kindness and love. He was a greater affirmer than a denier. Parker proclaimed a certainty. He taught that every man should listen to the teachings of his own conscience. He taught men to love one another and serve one another, and that every man on this earth has his rights. Rabbi Fleischer said: "He was a scion of that stock that has made Concord and Lexington famous. He proclamed a free religion that is natural to man, that religion which tells of man's human aspirations. I have a profound respect for all religions to aid mankind, but no one of them is final. We, like him, should be believers in free and natural religion. The spirit of God asserts itself through man. I cannot understand why any one can be satisfied with being a Methodist, a Unitarian, a Jew. Parker was a leader in the spiritual independence of the mankind of America. We must get away from books for our religion and find it in the people and all the people all the time. At the close of the service the old silver communion set, used in the old church, corner of Center and Church Streets, was exhibited. There are six pieces, the oldest cup bearing the date of 1721. The silver christening bowl, made by Paul Revere, and used by Theodore Parker in christening Robert Gould Shaw, was also displayed. Many viewed the relics in the Theodore Parker room in the parish house adjoining the church.

First Unitarian Church
Cleveland, Ohio.
Rev. Minot O. Simons
Minister

The recent annual meeting of the society was made memorable by a unanimous vote to change the church name from "The Church of the Unity" to "The First Unitarian Church of Cleveland." This action was taken in order to give the church a name representing Unitarianism in the public mind. In our big cities few people outside of the Unitarian fellowship know that "Unity Church" is a Unitarian church. They say, "It is some kind of a New Thought Society, isn't it?" Many of our church names represent anything but Unitarianism, and we are not fairly represented to the great public. We desire that the people of Cleveland shall have no confusion as to the fact that there is a Unitarian church in the city, and that the good works which our people are doing shall stand to the credit of Unitarianism.

———o———

"Only the sympathetic hand of human kind is needed to locate the best in each other.

Kindness, sympathy, appreciation, are the developing agents to bring into action latent forces which may fill a great need in the world."

———o———

"If a man hates dogs and fears them, they will hate him and give him occasion to fear them."

Our National Societies

With headquarters in the building of the **American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.**

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and Cor. Franklin and Geary Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establisnes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting meeting-houses, publishes books. tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Francis H. Lincoln, Esq.

Publication Agent, Mr. C. L. Stebbins.

Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

Founded in 1827.

Maintained by the Unitarian churches to promote religious and moral education. Publishes manuals and tracts, issues a Sunday-school paper, holds conventions, carries on a book-room. Branch at 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

President, Rev. Edward A. Horton.

Treasurer, Mr. Richard C. Humphreys.

Superintendent of book-room, Mr. Philip C. McMurdie

National Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.

Promotes the loca organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.

Address correspondence to the *Clerk*, Miss Florence Everett.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, Mattapan, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.

Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship and Service."

Address correspondence to Miss Grace R. Torr.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1886.

The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.

Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., *President*.

Rev. A. D. K. Shurtleff, *Secretary*.

Address all correspondence to the President, 820 Smith St., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.

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II. We stand for religion that identifies itself explicitly with pure living, high thinking, and noble aspiring. The essential business of the church, we believe, is not to fortify a theology but to promote righteousness: and we make the basis of church fellowship not credal agreement but moral oneness of purpose.

III. We stand for a religion of the Here and Now. Believing resolutely in Immortality, we insist that the first experiences of Immortality are in this world's living present: and God's sharing of To-day with us brings religion's chief concern.

IV. We stand for the final authority of reason and conscience in the things of religion. We believe that no outward church or institution has right to impose a creed, or establish a method of discipline, or define an exclusive fellowship of faith that shall stand paramount to the individual soul's responsibility of conscience and reason in determining faith, conduct, and spiritual comradeship.

V. We stand for a progressive theology conditioned on faith in a progressive revelation. We stand for an interpretation of God and God's method of revelation, of the nature of Man, and future destiny, that shall constantly square with the latest teaching of science and largest attainments of human society in ethical ideal and spiritual vision.